

SUBDUING VICIOUS HORSES

Prof. Gleason Avoids Harsh Treatment, but Is Firm and Persistent in Method.

His Exciting Struggle with Rydyk, a Man-Eater—Gulf States No Place for Fine Animals—Mustangs Not Worthy Taming.

Lovers of the horse have much enjoyed, during the past week, the exhibitions by Prof. O. R. Gleason, on Kentucky avenue, which were contests between man and beast for the mastery. The exhibitions have nightly afforded much sport, and, at times, the situations would cause great excitement, the fractions animals forcing themselves from the master's hands. Prof. Gleason has had an interesting career. He is widely known, but while he has not before visited Indianapolis in a professional capacity, his name was brought to the attention of the people last winter in connection with exhibitions of horse training in Tomlinson Hall. "I have in my possession," said the Professor to a Journal reporter yesterday, "the letter written me by the man who was giving those exhibitions. He offered me 75 per cent of the door receipts, and proposed that in order to draw a crowd we should announce a contest for \$1,000 a side, the man who shall first master the horse handed to take the money. This was to be as the public should understand it, but between ourselves no money was to be put up, and we were thus to deceive our patrons. I, of course, paid no attention to such a communication, but I understand my unknown contemporary in this business widely advertised that he had challenged me. In one part of the letter he said if I should accept, and should find him using some of my appliances, I was not to object. I have since learned that he induced a former employee of mine to give him accurate measurements of my appliances, and that he patented, and that he used similar ones in his public appearances in Indianapolis."

"Do you not find your work dangerous?" was asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I have had bones broken. I have not a single toe-nail left, and have been bitten and kicked, but not in recent years. Most of the accidents occurred when I was young at the business, and had not learned that I did not know it all. I have been more cautious in later years. There is really, however, little danger with horses when one keeps a cool head. I never allowed myself to get angry at a horse. One is apt then to do something he should not do. If a horse strikes on my foot I shove him off, but do not strike him. He would not understand the meaning of the blow, and it is harder to master him. I find cruel practices increase the danger. In fact, the cruelty and ignorance of people with their horses are usually responsible for their dangerous qualities. Take a stallion, for instance. Naturally high strung, nervous and headstrong, he becomes vicious in the hands of bad keepers. He learns to bite and strike in exchange for blows."

HE CONQUERS RYDYK.

Still he had the heavy hickory stick used by keepers of the celebrated horse Rydyk, to knock him down when he would attack them. He had been spoiled, and became so vicious that he killed his keeper by seizing him in his teeth and shaking and striking him till dead. This happened in Montreal, in 1886, when I was in New York, and in about a week I undertook to subdue the animal so that he might be handled with safety. The horse was shipped to me, bound head and feet. I had prepared a pen for him in the middle of the floor of Cosmopolitan Hall, which was packed to capacity, so great was the interest in the animal. It was highly dangerous to depend upon the whip or club, so I had ready my loaded revolver with black cartridges. The moment I stepped inside of the inclosure Rydyk came at me with his mouth wide open. I immediately discharged the revolver in his face, standing directly in front of him. At this he turned quickly from me, and I then struck him with the whip upon his heels. As quick as a flash he wheeled and started on me again to bite me, when I gave him the benefit of another black cartridge in the face, which drove him into the corner. Then he turned toward me, and I cautiously reached out my hand and patted him caressingly on his shoulder. Two or three times this was repeated; each time I approached nearer the horse. Suddenly I heard the audience cry out, and I felt the stallion seize me by the arm with his gleaming white teeth. I fired several times under the brute's nose, and he let go, standing wildly about the inclosure, and in a few moments went to his corner again.

"I then resumed my former tactics," continued the Professor. "I made him stop at the word 'whoa' several times. Then I began to pat him on the shoulder again. Once more the man-eater snapped at my breast, hitting me with his teeth. I had to caution to the revolver again, and when he wheeled to kick me I freely lashed his legs. Again I got a chance to pat him, and this time he showed docility. He was drenched with perspiration and made no more attempts to bite me. I had the halter on him and the fence taken away in just twenty-five minutes after I entered the pen. The fellow was yielding to treatment which he did not hurt him. I next put my double-barreled rifle on him and made him follow me wherever I went. By easy stages I changed the bridle to an ordinary one, put the harness on him and was soon driving him around the ring in my break wagon. I then introduced to his nostrils bells, tin pans and drove him up to them without trouble amidst all the din it was possible to produce. I finished handling Rydyk for the evening by harnessing another horse in with him and driving him double in the ring. On the following day I had him hitched to an ordinary side-bar wagon and drove him through Central Park. The danger in handling him had passed away in mastering him without cruelty and in a cool-headed way. He has never since been known to bite or kick. I have since handled and successfully broken twelve vicious stallions by the gun-powder method."

THE BEST HORSES NORTH.

"Where do you find the best horses?" was asked.

"Decidedly in the Northern States and in Kentucky, Tennessee and the Virginia. The Southern States, particularly Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, have nothing but jacks and mules. After repeated arguments of Southern people who attended my exhibitions in New York, I was induced to go South last winter, and made contracts to appear in most places of any size, including New Orleans. The trip was a dismal failure, and cost me \$17,000. I lost my two cars and sixteen head of horses. The South has no good roads to attract good horses, and to be sure I saw five good teams all the time I was in these States. Why, the street cars of New Orleans are drawn by midgets of mules, electric cars are unknown, and what is worse, the people don't want them. No more South for me. All my success was accomplished in the East and West. I do not think I think about 10,000 horses. I notice Indians have a large number of mustangs. They are crowded in upon me at the exhibitions until I have had to refuse to accept any more of them. They are not a horse, but essentially a wild animal. Their dams and sires run wild, and so do the offspring, until they are three to five years of age. They are then lassoed, and then their first contact with man is indelibly associated with the white hot branding iron. I suppose the large number in this and other Northern States is due to the profit a few years since in their sale. I know a man who acquired an independent fortune by branding them by ear-locks at \$15 per head on the plains, and then disposing of them East at \$40 to \$50 a head. They are palmed off as Indian ponies, whereas the latter are the most intelligent and affectionate small horse in the world. When broken they will do anything for their masters. The mustangs on the other hand, will balk, kick and strike, and when broken of these traits will then sink and lay down in the shafts."

The mustangs are thoroughly unreliable, but may be improved somewhat by crossing with well-bred stock."

THE TRAINING PERMANENT.

"Is the mastery acquired over the horses in the exhibitions reliable or permanent?" "Yes. A horse well and rightly broken is permanently broken. The essential point is to teach horses that they have masters. This may require some qualification in the instance of balky horses with balky drivers. There are more of the latter, perhaps, than the former. But with common sense driving the most vicious horse, without regard to his age, can be made perfectly safe for a lady to drive. Rydyk became so, and I hope to illustrate the truth of this statement in Indianapolis before I leave. I have the promise of a stallion from College Corner, belonging to Peter Kidenour. He is represented to me as a particularly vicious fellow. I also expect that the man-eating stallion from Illinois, which Mr. McGinnis is going to pounce upon from a balloon, will be brought to this city to be handled at one of my exhibitions. Mr. Redfield, brother-in-law of the owner, will start Mick and plunge and go pale. In handling these horses I shall use the pen and pistol method, the same as in breaking Rydyk, and I have no doubt of my success. I shall be able to drive these horses I get through with them. I hold that such horses make the best when thoroughly broken. My father was a well-known stock-buyer in the New England States, and used to go far and wide to buy runaway kickers and vicious horses, and then break them so they became valuable family drivers. The horse is one of man's best and truest friends when brought to acknowledge his master and then treated fairly."

Professor Gleason is accompanied in his travels by his wife, who, since their marriage, eleven years ago, has never missed a performance, and also by a niece, Mrs. Gleason is very proud of her husband, but has never learned to be indifferent to his danger. She grows perceptibly nervous when one of the fiery, vicious fellows begins to rear, kick and plunge and get pale. Prof. Gleason in a close place. A feature of the exhibitions is the tamer's cool pertinacity with the brutes in hand. The spectators are often observed to show impatience and an obdurate horse, and murmurs of "I would break his neck if it was me," or "Knock the fool horse in the head," are frequently heard. The tamer, however, relies on patience and persistence, and, while most horses yield to handling in twenty to thirty minutes, he never stops, however tired, until the animal is broken.

SUMMER FASHIONS.

What Is Seen at the Watering Places—Color Effects and Methods of Varying Costumes.

Boston Transcript.

In a survey of midsummer costumes, the color effects produced by draping thin materials over a contrasting foundation is very apparent. Favorite combinations are green or pink over yellow, or yellow over pink or green, or heliotrope over pink or yellow, but individual taste is largely consulted, and the tan blue or gray shades come in for a share of attention in these mixed toiles.

In consequence, lace or net, though worn over foundations to match, such as white over white or black over black, are frequently employed to enhance color pictures, and black lace especially is seen above silk or satin foundations that run the gamut from dark or bright to pale, and comprise all the new shades. Grenadines fall naturally within the compass of appropriate fabrics in this special line, and are frequently made up over a color than otherwise.

Yet the elegance of black over black must hold its own, the more so because of its superior adaptability to certain classes of wearers, and, therefore, many of the handsomest dresses are exponents of an idea which survives all changes, and thus the evidence of innate wisdom is not to be noted, too, are the costumes of barge, which, revived in light color, is stylishly worn over contrasting silk, and here, too, the same peculiar transitions of tone appear as are elsewhere conspicuous. Extremely showy dresses are of gold-meshed net or gauze, and while less expensive than fine lace, are much more striking in appearance. For morning wear nothing is in more favor than dainty, exceedingly fresh dresses of light colors, which, in the evening, are in India silk designs, while the varieties in gingham and batistes are almost endless.

The most without limitation, as well, seem the numerous costumes of India or China silk, which, having a dressy look during the morning hours, are suitable for evening wear, and present a perpetual variety in color and pattern. A recent retrospect only suffices, indeed, to show how much women are indebted to these products of the Orient for grace, comfort and economy, since a moderate cost they furnish dresses that are light, attractive and universally adaptable. There can really be no question but that the introduction of such fabrics have largely interfered with the demand for thin white wash goods, as also the former inevitable silk gown. Time was when every matron thought that a supply of fresh white muslin and lawn was necessary complement to one or two black silks. Such ideas are relegated to the past; the black skirt and day is permanent, optional, or at all events of such thin quality as to yield with every movement and flutter in the breeze. Increased comfort waits on the change, and where silks are worn, independent waists of thin silk are immensely popular. In Norfolk or blouse shapes, the majority have been purchased ready made without blunders, and are therefore cool as lawn, yet oftentimes too cool for a treacherous climate, and a more judicious selection lies among those made over a foundation of cheese cloth, which, though light, gives some stability and renders the waist far more lasting, and imparts the small additional protection that is desirable. Black waists in these styles have superseded jerseys, and in colors their jauntyness recommends them to those who wish something not too sober. They are seen chiefly in gaudy colors, but polka dots are largely represented, with a medium of figured designs.

Considerations of comfort quite apart, however, independent waists seem to be bringing about much greater variety in dress than would otherwise be possible. Given, for example, a black skirt, and with such foundation, a half-dozen different costumes may be obtained, by saying nothing of a complete dress, should the waist to match be of a white skirt, and in this latter style nothing is pricier or more practical than one of China silk.

Very pretty effects are produced by the use of black on colors or colors on black, and the latter is most frequently done by chiffon ruchings, which on a thin black silk often appear about the neck, down the front as a jabot, around the short basque and at the bottom of the skirt. The effect of chiffon transferable from one dress to another are likewise an excellent adjunct in color pictures. Headed by velvet ribbon, they reach to the waist, front and back, from which latter point the chiffon spreads out in fan shape and serves as a heading to long loops and ends of ribbon.

Protest Against the Word "Sheeny."

Springfield Republican.

Jewish newspapers remonstrate against the definition of the word "sheeny," that appears in the new Century Dictionary. "Sheeny" according to this dictionary means "a sharp fellow, hence a Jew." It is also characterized as "a term of opprobrium" and as slang. One of these Hebrew papers thus comments: "Whatever may be said of the admission of the word, there is positively no excuse at all for the cultured editors going out of their way to define it as a sharp fellow, hence a Jew, thus giving sanction to the objectionable use of the word 'Jew.' Webster's International Dictionary, by the way, does not make room for 'sheeny' in the sense the Century editors have given it, but defines it in the adjective form as 'bright, shining, radiant.' This, then, says, 'A sheeny summer morn.'"

Past Hurt.

Chicago Tribune.

A young lady in this city propounded to her pastor the question the other day: "Doctor, would it be wrong for me to go to dancing-school?"

"You are a member of the choir, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then a dancing-school will not hurt you, my child," sighed the good man.

FUN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

The Summer Mission Gives Health and Happiness to Young and Old.

What Is Done at Fresh Air Camp and How a Worthy Charity Is Lessening the Care of Many Tired Mothers.

The choice of location for the summer mission for children was most happy. It is very convenient of access, as well as the most picturesque place within easy reach of the city. To the back is the high bluff, with the canal and the river beyond, just as one finds further up at Fairview Park. In the children's play-grounds are large shade-trees, to which are hung swings and hammocks. There are wooden swings, and baby-jumpers, too, and the most valued possession of all is a huge sand-pile, where dozens of babies may dig and grow strong. Every morning, just at 8 o'clock, an eager band of children is assembled at the side of the Union Station, waiting for the car which is to take them to the mission, their free transportation, with attendants, being due to the generosity of the street-railway company. They are accompanied to the grounds by a trained nurse and a motherly matron, to whom the younger volunteers make themselves subject during the day, which is as busy as well as a happy one.

Such a scrambling as there is when the mission is reached; the children rush pell-mell for the hammocks and sand pile, and are happier and stronger immediately in the first hour. But the little ones cannot also go so fast. Some are coming that their mothers come with them, some are on crutches, others are hump-backed, and many are lame. Some are even blind, and it is a beautiful sight to see the love and tenderness with which they care for the little weak or crippled brother or sister. One day a little creature came in, a poor little two-year-old mother, who could not walk; she said, "Cause she tripped in she's legs." So the little mother amused the "tripped" child by holding her up and complaining. She had fresh air and green trees as a pleasant change from her narrow upstairs room.

One day the mission is very much like another. Soon after arriving the children have a little luncheon in the "dining pavilion," and then they are ready for the day's frolic. It is a rule that each child must reach the mission the morning, and one by one every child comes forth from the bath tent, or to the playground, or to the little play-house, or to the little house for the day, and other amusements, in a fresh little slip, so that they are clean for the day, at least. It is a wonderful transformation, and many a sweet, pretty face is brought to light which was lost beneath the dirt accumulated from squalid homes. They are ready now to have stories told, or some one read to them, or to buy a new little bar of soap in the sand, or to go for a walk, or for anything in fact. It is a delight to see the little creatures, many of whom have not known anything but crowded city homes so perfectly happy and growing stronger from day to day.

At 12 o'clock comes dinner, and there is another wild scramble to the tent for the day. They are all so very hungry. After this some of the little ones grow drowsy and have naps in the hammocks or on cots. One little golden-haired miss, who is a perfect angel, reaches the handle of the baby carriage, tells her nurse to get her little "tripped" sister, "Put her in here," she says, "and I'll rock her to sleep, and she'll be all right." So she spends an hour or two perfectly happy in her work. Some of the children come from peaceful homes, others from the poorest and worst in the city, and they all have peaked faces tell a pitiful tale of want; and the frightened haunted look in their eyes makes one know that they are more accustomed to blows than to kindness. Little colored children come, too, and they all play together in the greatest harmony; kindness and gentleness seem to control the fiercest passions, and dress and fresh air. About 4 o'clock they begin to think of going home. They have their own dress put on again, and their shoes and stockings which is the hardest ordeal of all. Then comes crackers and milk all round. The car stops and they are all carried back to the city, tired but content and happy, and all innocent for to-morrow and another trip to the mission.

A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS.

The Incidents That Led Up to the Famous Saying.

New York Evening Sun.

Every man in the United States is supposed to know what the "Governor of North Carolina" said to the "Governor of South Carolina," but possibly some do not know when and under what circumstances the famous remark was made. Nearly a century ago a prominent in the history of the border and settled in North Carolina. He had been there only a short time when he came across some one who was a native of North Carolina. In due course of time the Governor of North Carolina issued his requisition on the Governor of North Carolina for the fugitive criminal.

The fugitive had rich and influential friends in his native State, and they interceded with the Governor until he was induced to grant the requisition. A long official correspondence followed. Prominent men in the State were called upon, and he had not been treated with proper official courtesy by the Governor of North Carolina. The result was that the North Carolina Governor, accompanied by a large party of friends and allies, journeyed by stage to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, for a conference with the Governor of North Carolina. After dinner, the Governor of North Carolina stated the object of his visit. He demanded the surrender of the fugitive criminal. The Governor of North Carolina refused to do so, and followed a long and heated discussion, in which the Attorney-general of the two States took an active part.

Finally the Governor of North Carolina grew angry, and, rising to his feet, he said: "Sir, you have refused my just demand and offended the dignity of my office and my State. After this I am escorted to the prisoner I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the State, and returning with my army, will take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?"

All eyes were turned to the Governor of North Carolina, and his answer was awaited with breathless interest. The Governor rose slowly to his feet and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified, as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the Governor of North Carolina demanded: "What do you say?"

"I say, Governor, that it is a long time between drinks."

The reply restored good humor. Decanters and glasses were brought out again, and, while the visitors remained, it was attempted to say nothing of the object of the visit he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks.

When the visiting Governor was ready to return to his capital, he was escorted to the State line by the Governor of North Carolina, and they parted the best of friends.

The fugitive was never surrendered.

An Example to Ape.

Puck.

Deacon Hardfist, president of the Anti-tobacco Society, (president of the Anti-tobacco Society, I mean, I am a severe anti-nine years old, and I never smoked a puff of tobacco in my life.

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